

CHURCHILL

DISSECTED.

A P O E M.

*Neque enim lex æquior ulla,
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.*

OVID.

L O N D O N,

Printed for W. NICOLL, in St. Paul's Church-Yard.

MDCCLXIV.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

CHURCHILL

MISSOURI

A. P. O. H. M.



39
4 13
257

CHURCHILL

DISSECTED.

SHALL one worn down with Sicknefs, Pains, and
Cares,
Struggling beneath the weight of Seventy Years,
Whofe Blood flow circulating in his Veins,
Scarce drags along of Life the poor Remains ;
Whofe Faculties (if any once he fhav'd) 5
Are all, by Time's deftroying hand, impair'd ;
Shall fuch a Man, unequally engage,
And ftand the Mark of CHURCHILL's mighty Rage ?
Your rafh Intention prudently forego,
Nor cope with fuch a formidable Foe. 10

I own, my Friend, your Argument is clear,
But my Philosophy admits not Fear ;

B

OF

Of Sects and Parties still I've built my Sense
 On the broad basis of Benevolence,
 On cool Consideration ne'er could fix, 15
 A moral Turpitude on Politics.
 Among the various Modes of Faith, have found
 Some Men of honest Principles and sound;
 These the Companions of my vacant Hours,
 As Bees suck Sweets from ev'ry Class of Flow'rs; 20
 Such once was ****, with ev'ry Grace adorn'd,
 Lov'd by his Country, by his Country mourn'd:
 Such ***** is, his Country's zealous Friend,
 Whose Modesty forbids me to commend;
 Attach'd to Virtue from my earliest Youth, 25
 In love with Letters, more in love with Truth.
 No Poet, yet not wholly uninspir'd,
 Fond to admire, not born to be admir'd;
 Scribbling some Verse, without a further End
 Than just to please a Mistress or a Friend. 30

Long I've stood tamely by, expecting some
 Genius would start, and strike this Railer dumb;

But

But since (sad Circumstance) on English Ground
 No literary Champion else is found,
 With Indignation burning in my Breast, 35
 I'll meet this Foe — and dare him to the Test ;
 I know his Force, I own his sharpen'd Quill,
 Feather'd with Wit, nor wants his Hand the Skill
 To fix the Point deep in the tend'rest Part,
 And send the rankling Venom to the Heart. 40
 By Virtue arm'd, beneath her moral Shield,
 In her fair Cause, I dauntless take the Field.
 Falshood his *Second*, mine is Heav'n-born Truth,
 Which ballances all Odds 'twixt Age and Youth :
 Truth fighting by my Side, in Armour bright, 45
 Falshood shall fall, and CHURCHILL take to flight.

Oh BUTE ! thy Blood, the same with ancient Kings,
 Protect the Verse, an unknown Author brings,
 Unbrib'd but by thy Worth, by wicked Arts
 Traduc'd, and driv'n from the People's Hearts, 50
 Self-banish'd from the Court, still may'st thou prove,
 Thy Monarch's, and regain thy Country's Love;

Secure of this, if Learning, Manners, Sense,
 Religion, Virtue, have a just Pretence
 To Love and high Esteem, thy Life, oh! BUTE, 55
 Will best each lying Libeller refute ;
 Which fairly plac'd in ev'ry Point of Light,
 Or public, or domestic, *all is right.*
 Form'd to discharge an honest Statesman's Part,
 An able Head, and uncorrupted Heart; 60
 At Court polite in Converse, yet sincere,
 Dear to thy Wife, thy Children, Servants dear ;
 Thy Hand to Learning, Parts, and Genius free,
 What Want went ever unreliev'd from Thee ?
 Nobly refusing once, with decent Pride, 65
 The Profits, where the Post was unsupply'd :
 With Erudition grac'd, and chose to train
 A King, shall bless a People with his Reign ;
 A King, by Precept and Example shown,
 How to deserve, and how to wear a Crown ; 70
 Ye grateful *Britons* high your Voices raise,
 Shall GEORGE be King, and shall not BUTE have Praise ?

Why

Why is the Land, which gave thy Fathers Birth,
Mark'd as the most detestable on Earth?

Why are our Brethren, t'other side the *Tweed*, 75

Characteris'd as scarce of human Breed?

Has not that injur'd Kingdom often giv'n

Heroes to Earth, and fainted Souls to Heav'n?

Have not her Universities sent forth,

In all Professions, Men of signal Worth? 80

Have not her hardy Sons in foreign Wars,

Dy'd in the Field, or home return'd with Scars

Most beautifully grim? then why this Line

Of Discord drawn, our *Union* to disjoin?

Ye *Caledoniāns* do your Country right, 85

Call forth these vile Traducers to the fight.

In single Combat their bold Captain fell;

As arch a Fiend as e'er was sent from Hell:

And like his Brethren of the *Stygian* Coast,

He hated all Men, but the best, the most; 90

All Truth, all Decency, quite thrown aside,

His Wit's Employ, was Merit to deride;

Conscious

Conscious of not one Virtue of his own,
 He could not bear so many near the Throne.
 Hence his Delight the Minister to sting 95
 With false Reproach, and to revile his King ;
 His squinting Eyes with their malicious scowl,
 Explain the Treason lurking in his Soul ;
 See how he grins, exhibiting on high
 To the mad Mob, the Cap of Liberty ; 100
 Fluent his Tongue, his Voice was clear and loud,
 Fit to harangue, and to mislead a Croud.
 A Renegade — in ev'ry Scene of Life,
 To God, his King, his Country, and his Wife ;
 Long the Ring-leader of Sedition's Cause, 105
 Upheld by Faction, he defy'd the Laws ;
 Now fled from Justice, and his native home,
 In search of Liberty — in *France* or *Rome*.

See virtuous GRENVILLE growing into Fame,
 To distant Years a celebrated Name, 110
 With HALIFAX, the darling of that Land,
 He once was delegated to command ;

With

With these a Band of loyal Patriots join,
 The Legislature aids each great Design:
 And tho' by Mobs oppos'd, by Faction crost, 115
 Faction, to ev'ry sense of Honour lost;
 Their well form'd Measures firmly they pursue,
 By Consequences all prov'd just and true.
 See and applaud, they fairly make appear
 Our Debt reduc'd three Millions in a Year; 120
 None of the Savings pocketed, or spent
 To bribe (as practis'd long) a Parliament.
 These we must own for brave and honest Men,
 Tho' stigmatis'd by Faction's lawless Pen.
 Since being *In* is such a mortal Sin, 125
 Suppose for once, those that are *Out* were *In*,
 Can ***** repair the Mischiefs done,
 By all his Blunders, when at Helm so long?
 *****'s a Cameleon, changing oft his Coat,
 And ***** backs him with his venal Vote. 130
 Hear ***** oppose each continental Measure,
 Then see him waste a bankrupt Nation's Treasure,
 On

On the same Plan, to please a partial Court,
 And send forth Sword and Fire, and call it Sport;
 Who could forgive the Pilot, that, 'midst Rocks, 135
 Deferts the Helm; or *Will*, who quits the Box,
 And having rashly drove a dang'rous Way,
 His Master leaves, to get out as he may.
 Forbid it Heav'n such Men should e'er have Pow'r;
 And ne'er may *Britain* know that fatal hour. 140

Then BUTE stept forth, and took the Helm in hand,
 And steer'd the shatter'd Vessel safe to Land;
 True! to each Quarter of the Globe she sail'd,
 And with her Thunder ev'ry where prevail'd;
 But now her Tackling torn, her Stores all spent, 145
 Her Crew reduc'd to half their Complement,
 The Planks just starting from her wave-beat Sides,
 Scarce fit to navigate the smoothest Tides,
 Her Owners broke, no hopes of fresh Supplies,
 With certain Ruin, full before our Eyes, 150
 (This wretched State, her Enemies well knew,
 And this the Point they always had in View;)

Then

Then BUTE slept forth, and bade War's Tempest cease,
And gave us, what we wanted, gave us Peace.

CHURCHILL appear, and hear the Charge I make, 155
To justify the deep Revenge I take.

CHURCHILL appear, and answer to the Charge,
A heavy one it is, and long, and large.

CHURCHILL appear, or suffer foul Disgrace;
He dares not meet, I find, Truth face to face; 160
But skulks about, and, fearing to be known,
The better to deceive, puts off the Gown;
In Blue and Gold now strutting like a Peer,
Cocks his lac'd Beaver with a martial Air.

His Person--- all will know him by the Print 165
HOGARTH has giv'n, with such arch Meaning in't.
His drunken Attitude, his *leering* Eyes,
His Bear-Skin, and his Staff stuck round with Lies:
He travels with a Trull he calls his Wife,
By him seduc'd to Infamy for Life: 170
His Muse bred up at *Billingsgate*, his Muse
A vixen Jade, instructed to abuse;

A vixen Jade, (but not to do her wrong,)
 With Wit, Skill, Spirit, all the Pow'rs of Song;
 With Strumpet Air, drest in a Negligée, 175
 A Prostitute each Hour, for a Fee.

A Subject to his Sov'reign most disloyal,
 A Foe to each Prerogative that's Royal.
 Touch but a Libeller, or seize his Book,
 Howe'er licentious, an Alarm is took; 180
 The Trumpet of Sedition sounds on high,
 And WILKES *and* LIBERTY is all the Cry.
 Cabals are form'd, who, by all Arts contrive,
 The *good old Cause* in *England* to revive;
 'Mongst Senators to kindle hot Debate, 185
 Foment Rebellion, and o'erturn the State.
 Forbid it, Heav'n! such Men should e'er have Pow'r,
 And ne'er may *Britain* know that fatal Hour.

A Priest --- as void of Decency as Grace,
 No hypocritic Varnish on his Face: 190
 In Band and Gown to Brothels he repairs,
 There fins with Sinners, with the Swearer swears,
 With Scoffers scoffs, and sat in Scorn's Chair,
 Defies Damnation with determin'd Air:

This

This Hero in Impiety, behold 195
 In Health, this Dare-devil so brave and bold;
 With the least Illness he dejected lies,
 And all Hell flames, before his coward Eyes.

Human---without one Feeling for his Kind,
 Without one Seed of Goodness in his Mind, 200
 No not a little one, the smallest Grain,
 But all is Vice, and Vice of darkest Stain.
 Intent on all he hates, to pour his Rage,
 Respecting neither Merit, Rank, nor Age,
 His Characters to his own Manners suits, 205
 A Bear, exhibiting a Show of Brutes.
 But devious still from Satire's moral Plan,
 He makes a Monster, whom God made a Man.
 And while by Slanders foul he courts Applause,
 Appears the very Villain that he draws. 210

Thus far is Truth ; let Fiction come in play,
 Fiction the Basis of the Poet's Lay.
 Not Fiction pregnant with a flagrant Lie,
 But Fiction match'd with Probability.
 Suppose him dead. Ye *Gothamites* lament, 215
 Lift high your Voice, the Voice of Discontent ;

A Voice of mighty Woe, your Monarch dead,
 With all his Laurels blasted on his Head.
 Your Monarch dead, ah ! never to return ;
 Shall CHURCHILL die, and shall not *Gotham* mourn? 220
 No martial Trump, no Love-inspiring Lyre,
 Nor Organ pealing with the vocal Choir,
 Rides on the Wind. No nightly Serenade,
 To warm and win the cold reluctant Maid.
 No Morning Drums to rouse the bridal Pair, 225
 Preluding often much Domestic War.
 No purblind Fiddler scraping to the Croud,
 No Ballad-Singers screaming hoarse and loud,
 All Concerts, rough or smooth, are at a stand,
 The Fife, *the Scotch Fife*, still forbid his Band: 230
 Each Instrument of Mirth and Joy is mute,
 And even dormant lies the silent Flute.

No Birds of Song, in wildly charming Notes,
 With Emulation strain their tuneful Throats ;
 Nor Morn nor Eve soft Breezes waft along 235
 The Sky-Lark's Warblings, or the plaintive Song
 Of *Philomel*, but from the blasted Oak,
 Or the dank Mead, Owls hoot, and Ravens croak.

The

The false Hyæna, Panther never tam'd,
 Each Beast of Prey not without Horror nam'd ; 240
 D--- Blood-Hound, M----- Bull-Dog, and L--- Bear,
 All of thy Kin, the public Sorrow share :
 And while the *Mongrel* holds the Moon at Bay,
 Apes grin, Wolves howl, Hogs grunt, and Affes bray.

Ambition, near the Ladder's highest Round, 245
 Makes one false Step, and tumbles to the Ground ;
Sedition, having done her filthy Job,
 No longer animates the senseless Mob ;
Revenge and *Malice* both inactive stand,
 And *Slander* drops the Dagger from her Hand : 250
Slander, a Fury of the foulest Name,
 Worse than a Murd'rer, for she murders Fame.
 What Man survives the Blast of public Breath ?
 For Honour lost, finds no Relief but Death ;
 All stop their Occupations, all agree 255
 To mourn thy Loss, and claim their Share in Thee.

* All Shops are shut, all Trades are at a stand,
 No noisy Tool is heard through *Gotham* Land :
 The Draper pleased measureth his Cloth,
 All Black, The flipshod Taylor nothing loth, 260

* Vide GOTHAM, Book the First.

Sits

Sits cross-legg'd on his Board, by Day by Night,
 Stitch follows Stitch, but Stitches wide and flight:
 Spruce Waiters with their Flaggons nimbly ply,
 Excessive Sorrow drinks each Cellar dry;
 His Subjects all, one doleful Ditty sing, 265
 And maudlin in their Cups, deplore their drunken King.

Lament, unhappy *Gothamites*, lament,
 Lift high your Voice, a Voice of Discontent:
 A Voice of mighty Woe, your Monarch dead,
 With all his Laurels blasted on his Head; 270
 Your Monarch dead, ah! never to return;
 Shall CHURCHILL die, and shall not *Gotham* mourn?
 Tho' mourn'd by ev'ry Bird and Beast of Prey,
 Mourn'd by thy Subjects, greater Beasts than they.
 Yet ev'ry Plant of Virtue, each fair Flow'r, 275
 Shall raise their Heads, and hail the happy Hour:
 Since Thou no more shalt baneful Influence shed,
 Nor blight their budding Blossoms e'er they spread.

The Snow-drop first in Priestly Surplice drest,
 Unhurt by Frost, Fore-runner of the rest 280
 Of *Flora's* Train. The Winter Aconite
 Close by her Side, in golden Garments dight;

The

The Crocus Clan, White, Yellow, Purple, Blue,
 The *Scotch*, once most in vogue, a mottled Crew,
 The Hedge-row Primrose, and the Vi'let sweet, 285
 Uncultivated, rise beneath your Feet;

The Polyanth endless in Variety,
 Lifts its gay Umbells nearer to the Eye :
 Nor shall unfung the sweet Narcissus drop,
 With Silver Petals, and a Golden Cup. 290

Behold, majestic, both in Form and Size,
 Enrich'd with Pearls, the Crown Imperial rise :

The glossy hackled Wind-Flow'r next appears
 In various Dies, but never Yellow wears :

The Crow-Feet, which their Birth from *Turkey* drew,
 Shine in all Colours, still excluding Blue :

The Bears-Ears Silver Eye, and Velvet Stains,
 Nor love the Sun-beams, nor descending Rains :

The Tulip often in a Fool's Coat seen,
 Is all meer Outside, nothing sweet within : 300

The Poppy proud, the Beauty of an Hour;
 Globe Amaranth, an everlasting Flow'r :

The Rose, the Damask Rose, the Summer's Pride,
 With fragrant Blossoms, blushing like a Bride :

The

The Wood-bind wildly wand'ring where it wills, 305
 The neighb'ring Air with sweetest Odours fills:
 Carnations now their Silver Petals spread,
 Diversify'd with ev'ry Tint of Red.
 But vain and endless were the Task to sing,
 A Thousand more, which in their Seasons spring: 310
 From the Dwarf-Lilly, Tenant of the Vale,
 Filling with Sweets ambrosial ev'ry Gale,
 To the tall Giant of the Mallow Breed,
 Who scentless, high in Air, erects his flaming Head.
 All drop in silent Sorrow, all unable 315
 To speak their Grief for Thee, unless in Fable.
 Tho' mourn'd by ev'ry Bird and Beast of Prey,
 Mourn'd by thy Subjects; greater Beasts than they.
 Yet ev'ry Plant of Virtue, each fair Flow'r,
 Shall raise their Heads, and hail the happy Hour, 320
 Since Thou no more shalt baneful Influence shed,
 Nor blight their budding Blossoms e'er they spread.
 The Thistle, ever Object of thy Hate,
 The Thistle more than triumphs in thy Fate.

Now I could ramble Forests o'er and Fields, 325
 And sing what rural Vegetation yields;

But

But since in Gardens I have loiter'd long,
 For which through Life my Passion has been strong,
 Why name the wicked Weeds to Thee ally'd ;
 The Briar, a sharp Thorn in many a Side ; 330
 The Nettle, stinging e'en the fairest Hand,
 Or the *Mad-Apple*, pois'ning half the Land ;
 Why should I name the nauseous purging Thorn,
 Or the curst Savine, Foe to Babes unborn ;
 The bloody Birch, Dread of thy youthful Hours, 335
 Fit Instrument to wake thy mental Pow'rs ;
 The Bay and Laurel (once of noble use,)
 With Leaves oft prostitute and deathful Juice ;
 The fun'ral Cypress, and the Church-yard Yew,
 Or weeping Willow, worn by Lovers true, 340
 Since ev'ry noxious Herb, each baleful Tree,
 The *Triple* not excepted, groans for Thee.

Lament, unhappy *Gothamites*, lament,
 Lift up your Voice, a Voice of Discontent :
 A Voice of mighty Woe, your Monarch dead, 345
 With all his Laurels blasted on his Head ;

D

Your

Your Monarch dead, ah ! never to return,
 Shall CHURCHILL die, and shall not *Gotham* mourn ?

Moments and Minutes posting very fast,
 Which imperceptibly bring on our last; 350
 While Hours are very long, or very short,
 As past in Sorrow, or as spent in Sport.
 Morn, Noon, and Eve with Night compleat the Day,
 Half cloath'd in Darknes, half with Sun-shine gay.

Monday in Silver Mantle neatly drest, 355
 Bold *Tuesday* strutting with his Iron Crest ;
Wednesday, quick Messenger, thro' thick and thin,
 And jovial *Thursday* arm'd in Plates of Tin ;
Friday the Copper Queen of looser Sport,
 With Leaden *Saturday* in dirty Shirt; 360
 While *Sunday* drest in Gold, the Basket pins,
 And makes Atonement full for weekly Sins.

Sharp *January*, stain'd with Royal Blood ;
 Damp *February*, drown'd with many a Flood ;
 See *March* a coward Bully well express, 365
 And *April* shiv'ring in a Summer's Dress ;

Fond

Fond *May*, disgrac'd with many a broken Vow,
June, Source of Contests, scarcely over now;
July, so fatal to the Fallow Deer,
 Sad *August*, still remember'd with a Tear; 370
September, grumbling with the new Excise,
 And old *October*, bunging both his Eyes;
November, with his Halter, dark and drear,
December, once the merriest of the Year :
 All, all, unite to raise a doleful Cry, 375
 Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter weeping by.
 Nor Years succeeding Years, cease to lament
 The Time they gave, so wretchedly mispent.

Behold him dead, no matter how or when,
 The Halter's Victim, or Physician's Pen. 380
 For nice Inspection, or by Form of Law
 Dissected, does not signify a Straw.
 Naked upon a Board he lies at length,
 A manly Ruin, once with Porter's Strength.
 No proud Insurgent now ! Ready at hand, 385
 Bran, Spunges, Water, Tubs and Towells stand.

See ***** there, that self-sufficient Prig,
 His grinning Face half bury'd in his Wig,
 Writing Remarks, fit only to be seen
 With other Trash, in some vile Magazine: 390
 Whom I — but let him take this wholesome Hint,
 Or I shall tell more Truths when next I print.

The Surgeon now with sharp and shining Blade,
 Has o'er the Trunk a cross Incision made;
 This Signature perhaps, so deeply giv'n, 395
 May prove his Passport at the Gates of Heav'n;
 The Cross baptismal long by Sin effac'd,
 And all its ghostly Workings quite disgrac'd:
 This Point to priestly Casuists I resign,
 It is their Province, and 'tis far from mine. 400
 They find the Stomach fraught with Acids keen,
 And of a most enormous Size his Spleen;
 The Liver full of Gall, and overflowing;
 To this his sharp satyric Vein is owing.
 Why is Man doom'd to never-ending Woe, 405
 For Faults, which all from Constitution flow!

His

His Guts they next unravel, Fold by Fold,
And find the *Cæcum* cramm'd with minted Gold;
(The Doctor eyes the minted Gold with Glee,
And claims it as his Perquisite, or Fee,) 410
But cannot, tho' they search with double Care,
Discover the least Inch of *Rectum* there.
Staunch as he seem'd, not found in either *Kidney*,
Unlike the resolute, undaunted SIDNEY,
Who felt the Stroke of Pow'r, his Works tho' less 415
Seditious, nor committed to the Press.
Can then such vile Incendiaries complain,
Beneath the Lenity of GEORGE'S Reign?

His Lungs, the Bellows once of Civil Strife
Themselves inflam'd. His Heart, main Spring of Life,
Hard to Callosity, tho' swoln with Pride,
Now both its Ventricles are open'd wide,
Both Ventricles fit Kennels for a Pack
Of hateful Hell-hounds, horrid all, and black:
Hark! *Nero* leads the Van, in Scent of Blood, 425
The rest pour thundring like a mighty Flood;

Mad *Zoilus* foaming, by sharp Envy stung,
 While base *Thersites* spends his snarling Tongue;
Tarquin, curs'd Cause of many a female Tear,
 And coward *Drances* babbling in the Rear. 430
 Thick intermix'd with these, join in the Chace
 The Common-hunt, of the same hellish Race,
 Known by more modern Names, which to rehearse
 Would foul my Page, and vilify my Verse.
 Their Speed unequal, their Pursuit the same, 435
 Freedom their Cry, but Royalty their Game.

His Front well cas'd with Brags they strip with Pain,
 Open his Skull, and find no Want of Brain.
 The *Dura Mater* all in proper Place,
 But can't a Scrap of *Pia Mater* trace. 440
 They search each Cell, and many find replete
 With Fancy, Humour, Spirit, Sense and Wit;
 Of artful Method, Stock indeed but small,
 And of Decorum, truly none at all.

Lament, unhappy *Gothamites*, lament, 445
 Lift high your Voice, a Voice of Discontent:

A Voice

A Voice of mighty Woe, your Monarch dead,
 With all his Laurels blasted on his Head;
 Your Monarch dead, ah! never to return;
 Shall CHURCHILL die, and shall not *Gotham* mourn?
 "But hold, nor treat the Public with such Trash,
 "Such Quibbling well deserves the Monthly Lash."

Thus far in earnest Part, and Part in jest,
 Which let our Poet, as he may, digest.
 We now adopt a grave and serious Strain, 455
 Nor more indulge the tragi-comic Vein.
 Satire his Talent, hence his great Applause,
 Before the Critic's Bar we'll bring his Cause,
 And there, forgetting him as Foe or Friend,
 Blame what is wrong, and what is right commend. 460
 Satire should still support its Dignity,
 The darling Child of gen'rous Liberty,
 Begot on Genius, Nymph of high Esteem,
 Both born and bred near the *Castalian* Stream.
 'Tis Satire's Birth, her Office high, to mend 465
 A vicious Age, but let her not descend

To

To Misery and Rags, her Quarry lies
 Amongst the Great, unseen by vulgar Eyes;
 But bold th' Attempt, and dang'rous is the Task,
 To pluck from Knaves of Rank the specious Mask; 470
 Shew Falshood veil'd by Truth, Meanness by Pride,
 And Infamy with Honour Side by Side;
 The Patriot with Ambition in his Heart,
 Simplicity, with ev'ry cunning Art;
 Shew Poverty, bedaub'd all o'er with Lace, 475
 Shew Discontent, with Sun-shine in his Face;
 Shew cast-off Statesmen, struggling hard for Pow'r;
 Shew Impotence still fumbling with his Whore;
 Shew lordly Lacqueys in their slavish State,
 Shew all the Littlenesses of the Great; 480
 Shew Prudence, sneaking at the Tail of Vice,
 Shew Resolution, whiffling ev'ry trice,
 Shew Flattery with high Contempt in league,
 Shew Love and Hatred join'd in one Intrigue;
 Shew Blockheads publishing what well was known, 485
 Translators, with no Language but their own;
 Shew heavy Critics puzzling common Sense,
 Shew all Pretenders, who have no Pretence;
 Cowards

Cowards in Scarlet, Bravoes that can fawn,
 Rascals in Robes, and Infidels in Lawn. 490
 If such there are, these are thy lawful Prey,
 These, CHURCHILL, drag forth to the Face of Day,
 And stripping off their Trappings and their Fur,
 Shew in his naked State each dirty Cur,
 Who meanly creeps behind the Forms of Law, 495
 By no Restraint of Conscience kept in Awe.

But let not *Party* Malice stain thy Page,
 Nor with the Herd of *Faction's* Tools engage ;
 Satire should ne'er be guilty of a Lie,
 Nor load a Foe with groundless Calumny. 500
 Then why has ***** felt thy keenest Dart ?
 Why hast thou stab'd him in the tend'rest Part ?
 Why heap'd such false Aspersions on his Head ?
 Scarce guilty of one Charge that thou hast made.
 Was it, because he would not tamely sit 505
 The Ridicule of WILKES' licentious Wit ?
 Or would not Envy suffer him to raise
 Round POPE's fair Tomb, the Tribute of his Praise ?

E

POPE,

POPE, thy great Master in satyric Art,
Without thy hellish Rancour at his Heart. 510

Thy Pencil all thy Figures over-paints,
Why draw them Devils, 'cause not perfect Saints ?
Shade shad'wing Shade, we can no Likeness see ;
Where nothing differs, nothing can agree.
When we have own'd the Merit of a Foe, 515
More deep each Stab we give, more sure each Blow.
As for *Volpone* --- lives there such a Wretch,
Consign him (with poor *****) o'er to Ketch,
Vices and Follies should thy Scourges feel,
But never break a Murd'rer on thy Wheel ; 520
Such capital Delinquents leave to Fate,
For Justice will o'ertake them, soon or late.

On his Nativity the Muses smil'd,
And *Phæbus* own'd him for a fav'rite Child,
Gave him a Portion large of Wit and Sense, 525
And warm'd him with poetic Influence.
Endow'd with Talents by so few enjoy'd,
Who, but must grieve, to see them misemploy'd ?

The

The Sons of Riot him a Convert make
 To *Bacchus*, and he soon turns out a Rake; 530
 And having never felt Affliction's Rod,
 The Paths of Vice full jollily he trod,
 'Till Poverty, that follow'd close behind,
 Full starës him in the Face, a meagre Fiend!
 Distress'd, nor knowing where to hide his Head, 535
 He lifts with *Faction* for his daily Bread,
 In her foul Cause exerts his utmost Skill,
 And great the Profits of his venal Quill.
 He, what was never done by Bards of old,
 Turns all he touches, *Midas* like, to Gold. 540
 What Fool would starve with Virtue in a Garret,
 When Vice can treat with Ven'son, Hock and Claret?
 Such Ease, such Vigour flowing in his Verse,
 As POPE or DRYDEN might with Pride rehearse;
 Witty as BUTLER, and like MULGRAVE clear, 545
 As DENHAM strong, than OLDHAM more severe:
 Envy must own his Works almost divine,
 Would he but blot out each offensive Line;
 Such noble Sentiments, so well exprest,
 Must warm in Freedom's Cause, the coldest Breast, 550

But warm not long : Alas ! they all proceed
 Not from the Poet's Heart, but from his Head.
 His just Descriptions never fail to please,
 Smooth flows the Stream, and gently wave the Trees.
 Tho' he may often from his Subject stray, 555
 He highly entertains us all the Way.
 Ideal Persons with Delight surprize,
 By Magic Fancy brought before our Eyes.

Yet not of equal Beauty all his Lines,
 Now dim as *Saturn*, now like *Jove* he shines : 560
 His lofty Verse, now worthy of the Nine,
 Now cold and creeping, like poor *TATE*'s or mine.
 The frequent Repetition of his Rhimes,
 As tiresome quite as any Parish Chimes.
 Art, Nature, Reason, Scripture, Pleasure, Man, 565
 Decorum, Virtue, all adopt a Plan.
 Then wild he starts ; irregular in his Course,
 He rides, without a Rein, the Muse's Horse,
 Breaks ev'ry Pale, and treads down ev'ry Fence
 Of moral Virtue, and of common Sense, 570
 And

And boldly leaping o'er Religion's Mounds,
Tramples, with Feet prophane, her hallow'd Grounds,
'Till spent at last, he scarce one Step can stir,
And his tired *Pegasus* wants a Spur.

Here let me also stop, nor urge my Steed, 575
Panting for Breath, and almost off his Speed,
To further Proof; but let him now recruit
His Strength and Mettle, for a fresh Pursuit.
Yet, as I hold my ebbing Minutes dear,
I'd rather whisper this in CHURCHILL's Ear; 580
Repent, reform thy Life, correct thy Rhimes,
And be thy Country's Boast to latest Times.

F I N I S.

And boldly leaping o'er Religion's Mounds,
 Tramples, with Feet profane, her hallow'd Grounds;
 'Till spent at last, he scarce one step can stir,
 And his tired Pegasus wants a spur.

Here let me also stop, nor urge my speed,
 Panting for Breath, and almost off his speed,
 To further Press; but let him now recruit
 His Strength and Mettle, for a fresh Pursuit.
 Yet, as I hold my ebbing Minutes dear,
 I'd rather whisper this in Churchmen's Ear;
 Repent, reform thy Life, correct thy Minors,
 And be thy Country's Host to last Times.

F I N I S

